

James 1 King of Great Britain
The King and Tinker's

GARLAND,

Containing three Excellent Songs. *1076 1/2 16*

1. King James the first and the fortunate Tinker!
2. The Taylor outwitted by the Sailor.
3. The Lawyer and the Farmer's Daughter.



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Where may be had great choice of old and new Ballads, Garlands, and Histories, wholesale or

King *James* the First and the fortunate *Tinker*.
Come now to be brief let's pass over the rest,
 who seldom or never was given to jest,
 And come to King *James* the first of the Throne,
 A pleasanter Medley sure never was known.

One day as he was chasing his Fallow Deer,
 He dropt all his Nobles and of them got clear,
 And then to seek pleasure away he did ride,
 Till he found an Ale-house hard by a Woodside.

And there with a Tinker he happen'd to meet,
 And in kind sort they did lovingly greet,
 He said honest Tinker what hast in that Jugg,
 Thou under thy Arin dost so lovingly hug.

In troth said the Tinker 'tis Nappy Brown-Ale
 And for to drink to thee i'faith I'll not fail,
 Altho' that thy Jacket looks glorious and fine,
 I hope my Two-pence is as good as thine.

Nay nay in good deed you speak the truth,
 And so he sat down with the Tinker to Joak,
 He call'd for a Flaggon the Tinker another,
 And so they went to it like Brother and Brother.

And as they were Drinking the King did say,
 What News dost thou hear honest Tinker I pray,
 There's nothing of News the which I do hear,
 But the King is a chasing his Fallow Deer.

And truly I wish I so happy may be,
 That whilst he is Hunting the King I may see,
 For tho' I have Travel'd the Land many ways,
 Yet never have I seen a King in my Days.

With a merry laughter the King he reply'd,
 I'll tell thee good Fellow if thou can but Ride,

Thou'lt get up behind me and I will the bring,
To the Royal presence of James our King.

Perhaps said the Tinker his Lords will be dress'd,
So fine that I cannot tell him from the rest.

Thou will for I tell thee when as we are there,
The King will be cover'd his Nobles all bare.

Then up got the Tinker and likewise his black,
Old Budget and Kettles and Tools on his back,
And when they came in to the merry green wood,
His Nobles came round 'em and barehead stood.

The Tinker he seeing so many appear,
Immediately whisper'd the King in the Ear,
Since they are Cloathed so Gallant and Gay,
So which is the King come tell me I pray.

The King to the Tinker made this reply,
Indeed honest Man it must be thee or I,
The rest is all barehead uncovered round,
At this with his Budget he fell to the Ground,

Like one that was frighted quite out of his Wits,
Then down on his Knees he immediately gets,
Beseeching his Mercy the King then he said,
Thou art a good Fellow then be not afraid.

Come tell me thy Name 'tis John in the Vale,
A mender of Kettles and a lover of Ale,
Then rise up Sir John I'll honour thee here,
And make thee a Knight of three thousand a Year.

This was a good thing for the Tinker indeed,
And so to the Court he was sent with speed,
Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,
In the Royal presence of the King and Queen.

The

The Taylor outwitted by the Sailor.

Come all you young Lovers while I do unfold,
 A comical Ditty as ever was told,
 The like of this Ditty you never could view,
 Such a comical Story and certainly true.

In Liverpool it is known very well,
 A noble rich Tradesman that lately did dwell,
 He had a young Daughter beauriful and fair,
 Few for wit and beaurty could with her compare.

At length she was woo'd by a Seafaring Man,
 A jolly Tarpolian whose Name it was John,
 To gain this Maids favour he used his Skill,
 At length he obtain'd her Love and Good-will.

She promis'd in Marriage with him to join,
 And broke Gold between them the same to bind,
 But now the young Sailor was gone to Sea,
 Which did this young Damsel sadly displease.

In grief this young Couple was forc'd to part,
 He left this young Damsel with sorrowful heart,
 Spending her days in sorrow and woe,
 What happen'd after you quickly shall know.

The Sailor being gone about four Years space,
 A jolly young Taylor made his Address,
 This beautiful Damsel at length we do find,
 Did promise in Marriage with him to be join'd.

But the Night before they should wed next day
 The Sailor came home put a stop in the way,
 As he was walking along in Dale Street,
 With an Acquaintance he happen'd to meet.

Who said to the Sailor you're welcom home,
 Just in Pudding time I think you are come,

You know Sir you formerly courted a Maid,
Now she is engaged with a Taylor to Wed.

To morrow's the day they're Married to be,
And I am invited the Wedding to see,
To hear of the News O the Sailor he smill'd,
Saying oh make no doubt the Sport I will spoil.

So I do thank you with my whole heart,
Pray mind how the Sailor has acted his part,
He took out a Licence that very same Night,
And on the next Morning as soon as 'twas light,
Went to the Church yard and waited a while,
At last spy'd 'em coming which made him smile,
O then this young Couple into the Church went,
And of the brisk Sailor they were innocent,

He being but drest in his Tarpolain Cloaths,
Into Church strait after them he goes,
Whilst waiting for Parson he to her drew near,
And whispered a word or two in her Ear,

It fill'd her with wonder she blush'd with surprize
An Extacy of gladness was seen in her Eyes,
Then the young Sailor as I understand,
With resolute Courage took her by the hand.

Then the poor Taylor began for to rave,
What do you mean you Tarpolain Knave,
The Sailor reply'd she is promis'd to me,
I'll have her or I'll try my Courage with thee.

To end all disputes the Damsel reply'd,
The Sailor is mine and I'll be his Bride,
I have been engaged with him for to wed,
But in his long absence I thought he was dead.

To

To end all disputes they strait married were,
 And the poor Taylor was left in a Snare,
 This was a hindrance to the Taylor you know,
 Without his Bride he was forced to go.

So now to conclude all Men have a care,
 When you're in Courtship I pray beware,
 Make sure of Sweethearts and wed whilst you may
 For fear the Tarpolains should steal 'em away.

The Lawyer and the Farmer's Daughter.

A Youthful Lawyer fine and gay,
 Was riding to the City,
 Who met a Damsel by the way,
 Right beautiful and witty.

Good morrow then the Lawyer cry'd
 I prithee where art going,
 Quoth she to yonder Meadow side.
 My Father's there a Mowing.

Then from his Horse he did alight,
 And as he was going to her,
 The Maid immediately took fright,
 For fear he should undo her.

He runned like a Nimble Deer,
 Till he did overtake her,
 And then he whisper'd in her Ear,
 A Lady he would make her.

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O that I might enjoy that Bliss,
One Minute or two of Pleasure,
Then as a pledge I give thee this,
A handful of Gold and Treasure.

Kind Sir I value not your Gold,
And therefore pray be civil,
My Maidenhead shall ne'er be sold,
For Money's the Root of Evil

I'll sooner be a Plowman's Bilde,
And sit at my Wheel a Spining,
Than be a Lawyer's Jilt she cry'd,
To live by the Trade of Sinning.

Pish said the Lawyer be none Ccy,
Let's fall to Love's Embraces,
A Silken Gown thou shalt enjoy,
With Bracelets Strings and Laces.

Your Silken Gowns I do disdain,
Altho' I've mean Relations,
I am resolved to maintain,
My innocent Reputation.

If you'll but to *London* go,
I'll Honour you like a Lady,
But the Damsel answer'd no,
I am happy enough already.

I'll keep my pure Virginity,
Till Marriage be my Pleasure,
For Sir said she that's more to me,
Than Millions of Gold or Treasure,

Pray save your Breath and Money too, 8
I like not your way of Wooing,
There is too many such as you,
Which brings young Maids to ruin.

He found her discreet and wise,
In every ready Answer,
That her Charms did highly prize,
And vow'd he'd soon Advance her.

Then to her Parents he did go,
Where he her Love required,
Then was Glad from top to toe,
In costly rich Attire.

Next day the guardian knot was ty'd
And many at the Marriage, 10 JUL 52
And she appear'd an Angel bright,
For Beauty and comely Carriage,

Now Lasses all I pray now mind,
To whom I have told this Story,
Be careful that you're not to kind,
For fear you loose your Glory.

Had she been soon to folly led,
And for a small Spell consented,
Then she had lost her Maidenhead,
And when 'twas gone lamented.

And now she is a Lawyer's Wife,
Her Husband dearly loves her,
So that she leads a happy Life,
There's few in Town above her.

FINIS.

